

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta
presents

JANET MITCHELL, mezzo soprano

assisted by

SYLVIA SHADICK, piano

Tuesday, March 24, 1981 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

- Aria: "Che farò senza Euridice"
from Orfeo (1762). Christoph Willibald von Gluck
(1714-1787)
- Four Songs from Myrten, Op. 25 (1840) Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
Widmung
Der Nussbaum
Du bist wie eine Blume
Rätsel
- Three Songs Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
En Prière
Les Berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1
Au Bord de l'Eau, Op. 8, No. 1
- The Confession Stone (1967) Robert Fleming
(1921-1976)
"O my boy: Jesus, my first and only Son"
"Don't pay attention to the old men in the temple"
"Jesus, did you know that Lazarus is back?"
"There's a supper in Jerusalem to-night"
"Cold and icy"
"Bring me those needles, Martha"
"Everything is black"
"O my boy: Jesus."

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Mitchell.

TRANSLATIONS

Che faro senza Euridice - Live without my Euridice

Live without my dear Euridice!
Can I live without my love?
In my woe, where can I go?
Wither wander with no love?
Euridice! O Heaven! tell me now,
Oh tell me I am forever thy true lover!
Live without Euridice?
Where can I go with no love?
Euridice!
Through darkness groping, no help given,
Nothing hoping from earth or heaven!
Live without Euridice?
Wither wander with no love?
In my woe where can I go?
Without my love?

Widmung - Dedication

Thou my soul, thou my heart,
Thou my grief, thou my joy,
Thou my world in which I dwell,
Thou my bliss, wherein I roam.
O thou my grave into which
I forever cast my grief,
Thou art rest, thou art peace,
Thou art Heaven's gift to me.
Thy love bestows on me my worth,
Thy glance gives my eyes their light,
Thy love it does transfigure me,
My good spirit, my better self!

Der Nussbaum - The Nut Tree

A nut-tree blooms before the house,
fragrant, airily, it spreads it's leafy branches.
Many lovely blossoms gleam thereon;
gentle winds are coming to embrace them heartily.
They whisper always paired in twos,
bending, bowing their frail heads gracefully for a kiss.

They whisper of a little girl, who was thinking all night and day,
but alas did not know of what.
They whisper who can understand such a soft melody?
Whisper of the bridegroom and next year.
The girl listens, a breeze stirs the tree;
Yearning, hoping she sinks,
smiling into sleep and dream.

Du bist wie eine Blume - Thou art like a flower

Thou art like a flower
So sweet and lovely and pure
I gaze on thee and melancholy
Steals into my heart.
It seems to me I should
Lay my hands on thy head,
Praying that God may keep thee
So pure and lovely and sweet.

The heavens whisper it,
Hell growls it,
Only faintly it sounds in the wave's echos,
When the flood comes it is mute,
on the heights you can hear its two-fold hum.

The sound of the battle draws it,
from peace it flees,
to men and women it is not granted,
but to every beast, you must have guessed it.

In poetry one cannot detect it,
but in learning and above all in God's wisdom and philosophy.
Among heroes it always holds sway,
neither do the weak feel it's lack,
it is welcome in every house, for without it there would be naught.

In Greece a little, on Tiber's shores, but more in Germany, greatest of all.
It hides in the shadows, and in the timiest flowers,
You breath it daily
tis only a....(what?)

En Priere - In Prayer

If the voice of child can rise upward to Thee,
To draw near Thee, listen, Father, and see,
Jesus kneels before Thee, let me hear Thee!
If Thou hast chosen me to teach on earth
Thy law, let me hear thee, that I know how to serve, O mighty King of kings
Let me hear Thee!

Through my lips, O Seigneur, teach all men
how to love and to fear Thee, for that all those who doubt, in humbleness of heart
May revere Thee!
Abandon not thy child, but endow me with love and with kindness,
That I may comfort pain and may heal their despair, and their blindness!

Reveal thyself to me, since I have faith in thee, let me hear thee:
On Calvary I'll lie, I will die on the cross, to draw near Thee!

Les Berceaux - The Cradles

Far down the quay the vessels lie,
On the tide so silently swinging;
As yet unaware of cradles there,
Rocking to the rhythm of singing.
But there comes the day of good-bye,
For, they say, women must be crying,
And men must go, restless to know,
Tempting horizons outward lying!
And as the ships all sail along,
Leaving the port so quickly paling, strangely, their mass seems to be trailing,
Held back now, by the cradle song.

Au Bord de l'Eau - At the water's edge

To lie by a stream that is silently flowing and watch it flow,
together, if cloud in the distance is blowing, to watch it blow,
If far off thatch on a cottage is fuming, to watch the fume,
And close at hand if a flower is blooming to breath the bloom,

Au Bord de l'Eau - At the water's edge (continued)

When through the willowroots, water is sighing
To hear it sigh, and not to feel while
this dream is undying,
That time will die,

But with no passionate preoccupation,
Except to adore,
And with no care for the world's irritation
Except to ignore,
To watch, we two, before all that is
wearying, weariness pass,
And feel that love, before all that is passing
will never pass.